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I Don't know that I have been more intimately moved with Pity in my whole Life, than when I was reading a Letter from a young Woman, not yet Nineteen, in which there are theſe lamentable Words, *Alas! whether ſhall I fly? he has deceived, ruined and left me.* The Circumſtances of her Story are only thoſe ordinary ones, that her Lover was a Man of greater Fortune than ſhe could expect would Addreſs to her upon honourable Terms; but ſhe ſaid to her ſelf, *ſhe had Wit and Beauty, and ſuch Charms as often Captivate ſo far as to make Men forget thoſe meaner Conſiderations, and Innocent Freedoms were not to be denied: A Gentleman of Condition is not to be ſhunned purely for being ſuch; and they who took Notice of it, did it only out of Malice, becauſe they were not uſed by him with the ſame Diſtinction.* But I would have young Women, who are Orphans, or unguarded with powerful Alliances, conſider with Horror the Inſolence of Wealth: Fortune does in a great meaſure denominate what is Vice and Virtue; or if it does not go ſo far, Innocence is helpleſs, and Oppreſſion unpuniſhed without its Aſſiſtance; for this reaſon it is, that I would ſtrictly recommend to my young Females not to dally with Men, whoſe Circumſtances can ſupport them againſt their Falſhood, and have the faſhion of a baſe ſelf-intereſted World on their ſide, which inſtead of avenging the Cauſe of an abuſed Woman, will proclaim her Diſhonour, while the Perſon injured is ſhunned like a Peſtilence; he who did the Wrong ſees no difference in the Reception he meets with, nor is he the leſs welcom to the reſt of the Sex, who are ſtill within the Pale of Honour and Innocence.

What makes this Circumſtance the more lamentable is, that it frequently falls upon thoſe who have greateſt Merit and Underſtanding, gentleneſs of Diſpoſition, and taſte of Polite Converſation. I have often known Snares towards Vice in ſome, whilſt Sullineſs and Diſreliſh of every thing that was agreeable have been the only defences of Virtues in others. I have my unhappy Correſpondent's Letter before me; and, ſhe ſays, ſhe is ſure he is ſo much a Gentleman, and he has that natural Softneſs, that if he reads any thing moving on this Subject in my Paper, it will certainly make him think, poor Girl, Cæſar *aſhamed*: *Has not he ſeen* Pharſalia? Does the poor Creature imagine that a Scrip of Paper, a Collection of Sentences, and an old Man's talk of Pleaſures which he is paſt, will have an Effect upon him who could go on in a Series of Falſhood; let drop ambiguous Sentences in her Abſence, to give her falſe hope from the Repetition of them by ſome Friend that heard them, that could paſs as much Time in the Purſuit of her, as would have attained ſome uſeful Art or Science; and that only to attain a ſhort Revel of his Senſes under a Stupor of Faith, Honour and Conſcience? No; the Deſtruction of a well educated young Woman is not accompliſhed by the Criminal, who is guilty of it, in a ſudden ſtart of Deſire; he is not ſurprized into it by Frailty, but arrives at it by Care, Skill and Meditation. It is no ſmall Aggravation of the Guilt, that it is a thouſand times conquered and reſiſted, even while it is proſecuted. He that waits for fairer Occaſions, for riper Wiſhes, for the Removal of a particular Objection, or the Conqueſt of any certain Scruple, has it in his Power to obey his Conſcience, which often calls him, during the Intreague, a Villain and a Deſtroyer. There can be nothing ſaid for ſuch an Evil; but that the Reſtraints of Shame and Ignominy are broken down by the Prevalence of Cuſtom. I don't, indeed, expect that my Precautions will have any great weight with Men of Mode; but I know not but they may be ſome way efficacious on thoſe who have not yet taken their Party as to Vice and Virtue for Life; but I know not how it is, but our Sex has uſurped a certain Authority to exclude Chaſtity out of the Catalogue of Maſculine Virtues, by which means

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